

T H E

Men and Maids Amusement.

A Choice Collection of Twenty-eight Favourite
New S O N G S, viz.

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| 1. <i>Fill me a Bowl.</i> | 25. <i>When all the Attic Fire was</i> |
| 2. <i>From Clime to Clime.</i> | 26. <i>We're gaily yet.</i> |
| 3. <i>The Social Half-moon.</i> | 27. <i>Bells of Guildford.</i> |
| 4. <i>Kate of Aberdeen.</i> | 28. <i>A Love Song.</i> |
| 5. <i>Twenty Songs taken from a New
Dramatic Romance called Cymon.</i> | |

Sold by S. GAMIDGE, in Worcester; W. LLOYD, in Mortimer-Clea-
bury; Mr. TAYLOR, in Kidderminster; & S. HARWARD, in Tewkesbury.

Fill me a Bowl.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
Vast as my thirst is: [my grave;
Let it have depth enough to be
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury it there.

Let it of silver fashioned be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup, as that bright
Amongst the stars. [cup,
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,

FROM clime to clime my
heart does rove,
Smells every sweet yet dares not
love,
With wanton beauty often fir'd,
But, ah, how vain when not
admir'd.

Recitative.

As thus the penive *Sylvan* stood,
And sighing view'd the refluent
flood, [mourn,
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him
And thus replied with vocal horn,
Forbear, dear youth, the plain-
tive song, [wrong;
Nor blindly censure fate with
'Tis fickle *Strepson* coldly flies,
And constant *Amoryllis* dies.

I sing, I toy, with every art,
To engage the tender virgins heart
In gentle murmurs tell my pain,
But tears are idle vows are vain.

Ye Gods, am I the man alone,
Of love and beauty doom'd the
scorn; [troul,

Must sordid gold the mind con-
Enslave the will, & bribe the soul.

With strictest scorn I'll treat the
sex, [perplex.

And ne'er with love my heart
Till *Cupid* send some gen'rous
fair, [care.

To ease my grief, and end my

The Social Half-moon.

YE sun'd witty nine,
Assist my design,

While *Parnassus* I mount,
And in carols recount
The joys of the social Half-moon
The yellow hair'd *Scot*
His *Pattie* has got,
The *Hibernian* his *Ellen-a-roon*
But *Britons* fond lays
To night, are in praise
Of their mistress chaste *Cynth*
the moon.

Some bards may declare
That *Kitty* is fair, [Jul
And more sweet than the roses
But what reigning toast
At *St. James's*, can boast
Such a number of stars as the
moon.

Then *Bacchus* do thou
Be kind to us now,
And luxuriously favour our boot
Fill the bowl to the brink
That thy vot'ries may drink,
Till their faces look like the full
moon.

Let dull sober fools,
Whom temperance rules,
Sneak away to their pillows
Such choice souls as we, [noo
Gay jovial & free, [moor
Stagger home by the light of the

We laugh and we sing,
Our glasses we ring, [foor
To depart always think it to
Then while there's good wine,
Let us cheerfully join [moor
In a health to the man in the

Kate of Aberdeen.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly thro' the night,

To wanton with the winding
And kifs reflected light; [stream
To courts begone, heart-sooth-
ing sleep,

Where thou art seldom seen,
Whilst I, *May's* wakeful vigil
With *Kate of Aberdeen* keep,

The nymphs & swains expectant
In primrose chaplets gay, [wait
Till morn unbars her golden gate
And gives th' expected *May*;

The nymphs & swains shall all
declare,

The promis'd *May* when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till tuneful birds descend their
throats,

And hail the maid I love. [takes
At her approach the lark mis-
And quilts the new dress'd
green;

Fond birds its not the morning
Its *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now blythsome o'er the dewy
mead,

Where elves disportive play,
The festive dance young shep-
herds lead,

Or sing their love tun'd lay;
Till *May* her morning robe
draws nigh,

And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs & swains exulting
Here's *Kate of Aberdeen* [say,

The 20 following SONGS are taken from a New
Dramatic Romance called CYMON, performed at
the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

Sung by Urganda.

What is knowledge, or beau-
ty, or power,
Or what is my magical art?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make the youth
Have pow'r o'er his mind [kind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold
heart? [disarms,
no! a weak boy all my magic
moond I fight all the day with my po-
wer and my charms.

Sung by Urganda.

Hither, all my spirits bend,
With your magic powers at-
tend, mind;
Chase the mists that cloud his
Music, melt the frozen boy,
Raise his soul to love and joy,
Dulness makes the heart unkind.

Sung by Cupid.

O! why will you call me again,
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;

Can not quicken this clod;
Alas! it is labour in vain:
O *Kiss*, my mother, some new ob-
ject give her! [my quiver.
This blunts all my arrows & empties

Sung by Cymon.

You gave me last week a young
linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was
within it,

Oh how did it flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd & he pin'd
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again,

Sung by Cymon.

Oh liberty, liberty! dear hap-
py liberty!

Nothing's like thee!
So merry are we,
My linnet and I,
From prison we're free,
Away we will fly,
To liberty, liberty:
Dear happy liberty,
Nothing's like thee!

Sung by Linco.

I laugh and sing,
I am blythsome and free,
The rogue's little sting,
It can never reach me:
For with fal, la, la, la;
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
It can never reach me.

Or so blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he misses poor me.

For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
He misses poor me.

O, never be dull,
By the sad willow tree;
Of mirth be brimful,
And run over like me.

For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
Run over like me.

Sung by Sylvia.

Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive
me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd, to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey.
Snow knows not where to rest.

Sung by Urganda.

Hence every hope and every
fear,
Awake, awake, my power & pride
Let jealousy, stern jealousy appear
With vengeance by her side.

Who scorns my charms my power
shall prove,
Revenge succeeds to slighted love!
Revenge! but oh, my sighing heart
With rebel love takes part
Now pants again with all her fears
And drowns her rage in tears.

These flowers like our hearts
 are united in one,
 And are bound up so fast that they
 can't be undone;
 So well are they blended, so beau-
 teous to sight,
 There springs from their union a
 tenfold delight.
 No poison nor weed here, our pas-
 sion to warn;
 But sweet without briar, the rose
 without thorn.

Sung by Sylvia.

O Why should we sorrow who
 never knew sin,
 Let smiles of content shew our rap-
 ture within;
 This love has so raised me, I now
 tread in air;
 He's sure sent from heaven to
 lighten my care!
 Each shepherdess views me with
 scorn and disdain;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all
 is in vain:
 No more will I sorrow, no longer
 despair,
 He's sure sent from heaven to
 lighten my care.

Sung by Dorcas.

When I was young, tho' now
 am old,
 The men were kind and true;
 But now they're grown so false and
 bold,
 What can a woman do?
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly so unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two.

No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat not fast nor slow,
 But all was faith and love.
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly so unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two.

Sung by Linco.

If she whisper the judge be he
 ever so wise,
 Though great and important his
 trust is,
 His hand is unsteady; a pair of
 black eyes
 Will kick up the ballance of
 justice.

If his passions are strong, his judg-
 ment grows weak,
 For love through his veins will
 be creeping;
 And his worship, when near to a
 round dimpled cheek,
 Though he ought to be blind,
 Will be peeping.

Sung by Sylvia.

From duty if the shepherd stray
 And leave his flocks to feed,
 The wolf will seize the harmless
 And innocence will bleed. [prey,
 In me a harmless lamb behold,
 Opprest with ev'ry fear: [fold,
 O guard, good shepherd, guard your
 For wicked wolves are near.

Sung by Mr. Champness.

While mortals charm their
 cares in sleep,
 And demons howl below,

Urganda calls us from the deep;
 Arise ye sons of woe!
 Ever busy, ever willing,
 All those horrid tasks fulfilling,
 Which draw from mortal breasts
 the groan,
 And make their torments like our
 own.

Sung by Linco.

When peace here was reigning
 And love without waining,
 Or care or complaining,
 Base passions disdaining;
 This was my way.

With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh'd down the day, [bour.
 Nor envied the joys of a neigh-

Now sad transformation,
 Runs through the whole nation;
 Peace, love, recreation,
 All chang'd to vexation:

This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh down the day, [bour,
 And pity the cares of my neigh-

While all are designing,
 Their friends undermining,
 To mischief inclining,

This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor,
 I laugh down the day, [bour.
 And pity the cares of my neigh-

Sung by Fatima.

Tax my tongue! it is a shame:
Martin sure is much to blame
 Not to let it sweetly flow.
 Yet the favours of the great,
 And the silly maiden's fate,
 Often follow, Yes or No.

Stinted so, to Yes or No.

Should I want to talk and chat,
 Tell *Urganda* this or that,
 How shall I about it go;
 Let her ask me what she will,
 I must keep my clapper still,
 Striking only Yes or No.

Lack-a-day! poor *Fatima*!
 Stinted so, to Yes or No.

Sung by Sylvia.

This cold flinty heart it is you
 who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my
 senses have charm'd:
 In vain against *Cymon* and merit I
 strove;

What's life without passion—sweet
 passion of love?

The frost nips the bud; and the rose
 cannot blow,

From youth that is frost-nipt no
 raptures can flow,

Elysium to him but a desert would
 prove;

What's life without passion—sweet
 passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the
 young season be gay,

Her birds and her flowrets make
 blythsome sweet May;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings
 through the grove;

What's life without passion—sweet
 passion of love.

Sung by Cymon.

Torn from me, torn from me,
 Which way did they take
 her;

To death they shall bear me,
 To pieces shall tear me,
 Before I'll forsake her:
 Though fast bound in a spell,
 By *Urganda* and hell,
 I'll burst through their charms,
 Seize my fair in my arms;
 Then my valour shall prove,
 No magic like virtue, like virtue
 and love.

Sung by Urganda.

THo' still of raging winds the
 sport, the port:
 My shipwreck'd heart shall gain
 Revenge, the pilot, steers her way.
 No more of tenderness and love,

The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the
 dove,
 And thinks of nothing but her
 prey.

Sung by Sylvia.

THo' various deaths surround
 me,
 No terrors can confound me:
 Protected from above
 I glory in my love.
 Against thy cruel might,
 And in this dreadful hour,
 I have a sure defence,
 'Tis innocence,
 That heavenly right,
 To smile on guilty power.

The Attic Fire.

WHen all the Attic fire was
 fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor freedom lost her seat.
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair virtue's sacred
 The muses lost their mate. [light,
 Where should they wander! what
 new shore
 Had yet a laurel left in store?
 To this bless'd isle they steer,
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here.
 The lazy monk has left his cell,
 Religion rings her hallowed bell,
 She calls thee now by me;
 Hark, her sweet voice all plaintive
 sounds!
 See she receives a thousand wounds
 If sheltered not by thee!

We're gaily yet.

WE're gaily yet, & we're gai-
 ly yet.
 And we're not very fow, but we're
 gaily yet.
 Then sit ye awhile, & tinkle a bit,
 For we're not very fow but we're
 gaily yet.
 There was a lad and they call'd him
 Dickey,
 He gave me a kiss & I bit his lippey:
 Then under my apron he shew'd
 me a trick,
 And we're not very fow but we're
 gaily yet.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.
 There were three lads & they were
 clad, [had;
 There were three lasses & them they
 Three trees in the orchard are new-
 ly sprug, [but young.
 And we'll a' get gear enough we're

Then up went Aily, Aily,
 Up went Aily now,
 Then up went Aily quo' Crumma,
 We's all get roaring fow,
 And one was kifs'd in the barn,
 Another upon the green,
 And the other behind the pea-stack
 Till the mow flew up to her eyeen.
 Now he, John Thomson, run,
 Gin ever you run in your life,
 De'el get you, but hie, dear Jack,
 There's a man got to bed with
 your wife.
 Then away John Thomson run,
 And egad he run with speed,
 But before he run his length,
 The faile loon had done the deed.
 Then up went Aily, &c.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

Betsy of Guildford.

THe infant spring was smiling,
 And cowslips fresh and gay,
 The sun was just declining
 To sink into the sea:

At Dover Guildford Stile I pass'd,
 To view the prospect there,
 And lowly tase sat on the grass,
 Whose breath perfum'd the air.

No more let fame advance,
 In London Jenny's praise,
 For pretty Betsy of Guildford
 Bewels her a thousand ways:
 For grace, for shape, for air, for mien
 For lovely eyes and smiles;
 Her charming waist for to embrace
 A king would give an isle.

The courtier for her favour,
 Would quit his golden dreams,

The Jacobite for ever
 Would surely leave king James.
 The lusty judge, who the circuits does
 In managing trials so fair, (crudge
 Would wrest the laws postpone a cause
 To have the managing her.

The general would leave bombing
 Of towns in hot campaigns;
 The bishop would leave his preaching
 Nor plague his learned brains:
 The one would mock the others flock
 A fig for religion and France;
 One slight the wars, & other his pray
 If Betsy should give a glance. (era

The powder'd playhouse ninny,
 Whose brains are light as air,
 Would leave both Sukey and Jenny,
 And all such taudry W are:
 If Betsy you see lying under a tree
 With all her enticing charms,
 You'd soon forget the town coquet,
 And fly to Betsy's arms.

A Love Song

GO happy flower to her hand,
 From earth to heav'n you'll re
 Includ'd by nature's sweets you'll sta
 And blow beneath her eyes.

As am'rous winds her neck dislo
 Fall thou upon her breast;
 There steal a kiss, there end thy w
 That robbed my soul of rest.

Begone, and every sweet display,
 Nor so much pleasure miss,
 Each moment that from her you sit
 You lose an age of bliss.

10 JUL 52

F I N I S